Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - MISSOURI.

DREAMS.

Who can tell us whence they come,
What mysterious region from?
In what fairy country lies
That strange city of surprise
Whither we in slumber go
By a path we do not know?
Is it near or far away?
And the people, who are they?

Once when I was there the town
Seemed as if 'twere upside down:
Roofs of barns and houses stood
Where the stone foundations should,
And the streets all seemed to run
Straight as arrows to the sun,
Where, like ribbons, they were wound
On its golden spool around.

All the men and horses there,
Topsy-turvy in the air,
Walked and trotted on the blue
Pavements of the avenue.
But in morning when I woke
I discovered 'twas a joke,
For the first thing I found out
Was that I had turned about.

How to go there, who can tell,
Where these fairy people dwell?
Strange it is that morning's light
Can not show the path of night;
Stranger yet that we can keep
It so surely in our sleep;
But the very strangest seems
Being wide awake in dreams.

—*F. D. Sherman, in Harper's Young People.*

A DOMESTIC SCENE;

Or the Tragedy of the Blower Taken from Real Life.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

MR. BURLINGTON.
MRS. BURLINGTON.
MISS KATE BURLINGTON.
MISS GERTRUDE BURLINGTON.
MARY, *the maid.*

A damp, chilly day in a rural district, an afternoon calculated to extract the charm from the most attractive country house. Miss Kate Burlington *descends into the library from above-stairs.*

Kate. Oh, how damp and cold it is down here! Mother did not show her usual good sense when she let the furnace fire go out at this season. It is always the way, however, with impulsive people to imagine that summer has come back when we have a couple of warm autumn days, and they throw open the windows and allow the fires to be extinguished, as though any sensible person could safely go without furs after the Fourth of July in this atrocious climate. This rainy weather is insupportable, and I really believe that the sun has been finally extinguished by the "local rains" which the "Probabilities" have been so liberal with during the last few weeks. There is but one real consolation at such a time, and that is a blazing open fire which laughs at any depressing weather without, and makes every thing within cheerful and cozy. I will have a fire here at once. Mary shall bring up some wood, and I will make the fire myself. [*Rings.*] It is well to be thankful for one's blessings in this world, and I am devoutly grateful that we have one fire-place in the house, if we do have to exist without closets. [Mary *appears.*] Mary, you will bring up some kindling-wood, and the largest sticks to be found in the cellar which will fit into this grate? [*Exit* Mary.] Such a nuisance a grate is any way! Why couldn't the builder, or whoever it was, have made a large open fire-place while he was about it, instead of a mean little grate like this? How artistic andirons are with big blazing logs upon them! there is certainly nothing artistic about a blower. I wonder the originators, whoever they where, did not content themselves with an air-tight stove, if they were trying to make every thing as hideous as possible. They succeeded pretty well in every respect. I have lost my faith in a happy medium if a house built about forty years ago is a happy medium between the glorious "old colonials" and the artistic "Queen Annes." No halls, no closets, no fire-places, and plenty of white marble mantels. Oh, I hope I shall have the pleasure of building a house myself some day. Just now, however, I will content myself with building a fire. [Mary *enters.*] You may put the wood down here, Mary. Were those the largest sticks you could find?

Mary. Yes, Miss Kate, the largest in the cellar. Don't you want me to lay the fire?

Kate. No; I prefer to do it myself, and you may take back that hod of coal you have brought, for I am going to have only a wood fire, so I shall need some more big sticks very soon. [*Exit* Mary.] Now I flatter myself that I can make an artistic fire, and for once there are no others here to tell me how *they* always prefer to lay the sticks. [*She takes a pile of papers from a table.*] Now, "Old Probabilities," local *fires* for a change; that is all the newspapers are good for anyway, in my opinion. I hate them, and I can not understand how papa depends so upon them. A man is always so crest-fallen if another man tells him any thing in the way of news which he has not yet read a more authentic account of in his own particular paper. I suppose that I am not patriotic, but I can not feel the slightest interest in whether the Bostons beat the Chicagos or John L. Sullivan beats the Prince of Wales. And then if I have not read that Mrs. Cleveland has shaken hands with Buffalo Bill or done something equally important, it makes it just so much pleasanter for people who want to tell me about it, for I can listen to them with real interest, and need not tell a lie when they ask me afterward if I did not see it in yesterday's *Advertiser*. What did Mary do with the blower? Ah, here it is. Papa thinks that he is the only one in the house who knows how to make a fire, and so does mamma, and Mary, for that matter. [*Puts on the blower.*] Well, I presume it is the old story of the young man who thinks the old man is a fool, while the old man knows that the young one is. [*She goes to the stairs and calls.*] Mamma, I have started a nice fire in the library. Won't you come down and be sociable?

Mrs. Burlington (*calls down*). You will want some coal on the fire if it is to keep till evening.

Kate. No, indeed; there is plenty of wood in the cellar, and for once I should like to enjoy a pretty fire.

[Mrs. B. *appears with her work.*

Mrs. B. Yes, it is cozy to have a little fire such a cheerless day as this, and the house is very damp. I'm glad you thought of it. Don't you think you had better take off the blower now? You don't want your fire all going up the chimney.

[Kate *takes the blower off.*

Kate. There, now, I call that a pretty fire, and I want you to understand, mamma, that I made it all myself, and Mary had nothing to do with it.

Mrs. B. Mary might have brought you up some of those round sticks which James sawed up the other day; they would burn so much more slowly. Why don't you run down cellar yourself and bring up two or three of them?

Kate. I think I will go down. Mary has so little idea of any thing but coal and kindling-wood; she declared that those were the largest sticks to be found. [*Exit* Kate.

Mrs. B. (*after a few moments rises and looks at the fire*). Perhaps I had better put on the blower again while Kate is gone; the fire seems to be dying down, and the smoke is certainly coming out into the room [*puts on the blower.*] I wish that Kate would not be so set about insisting upon a wood fire, which is always more trouble than it is worth; she takes her streak of obstinacy from her father's side of the house.

Enter Kate, *with three large round sticks.*

Kate. I did find some lovely big sticks, real logs, and—but why have you put on the blower again, mother? The fire was going beautifully; and now you have filled the room with smoke.

Mrs. B. On the contrary, it was because you took the blower off too soon that the smoke came out, and if I had not been here it would have been out by this time. When you are as old as your mother, and have had as much experience with wood fires, you may know more about them.

Kate. Yes, that is always the way; if I try to make a fire, somebody comes in and spoils it, and then says that it is my fault, and that I can not expect to make a fire while under fifty years of age.

Mrs. B. Now, Kate, you are getting disrespectful. If you had not insisted upon going down cellar for those sticks I should not have touched the blower; but now that you have brought them, you had better put one on.

[Kate *takes off the blower and puts on two of the sticks.*

Kate. It is going so nicely that I should think two would be none too many. [*She replaces the blower.*] I want you to understand, mamma, that I do know something about a fire if I have not lived half a century. And I'm sure that there is nothing simpler than making a fire if one only uses a little common sense.

Mrs. B. Kate, that does not seem to be kindling up very well. I think the wood must be damp, and it would have been better to have only put on one stick, as I told you at the time. [Kate *takes off the blower.*] Put on some more kindling-wood and the blower—quick, it is smoking awfully.

[*Blower hurriedly replaced.*

Kate. That is because you made me get those round sticks from the cellar. How did I know that they were damp? Now the fire is almost out, and I'm sure it is not my fault; it was going beautifully until you came down and began to suggest.

Mrs. B. It would have been much better for me to have staid upstairs, where I was comfortable and happy before you called me down, and then the fire would have died a natural death, and you would have had no one but yourself to blame.

Kate. Died a natural death! You speak as though I was merely amusing myself by working to make a fire, and by bringing great logs from the cellar, when the house is as cold as a barn, and damp enough to make us all die before long, and not of natural deaths, either. I know that I have taken a bad cold already, and I shall probably have pneumonia before to-morrow. I can't understand how you and papa could allow the furnace fire to go out at this season of the year.

Mrs. B. Oh, Kate! Kate! what would you have done if you had lived before the time of furnaces, as I did? Young girls had to exercise then to make their blood circulate. I can't account for your wishing to sit all day over a register. It is absurd to say the house is cold; it is very comfortable. If you would do some active housework, you would feel much better, and have some of the rosy cheeks which were not so rare in my generation.

Kate. It may be my misfortune, but I can't see why it is my fault, that I was born a generation too late to look like a dairy-maid; and am I responsible if you and papa have made me sensitive by adopting modern improvements against your better judgment? Of course, I should have been just as happy if I had always been brought up in ignorance of gas and hot-water pipes and furnaces; but as it is, you can not expect me to go to bed by one candle; to break the ice in my pitcher mornings, or even freeze, with the same gratitude that I should have otherwise felt. At least, you know you had plenty of nice open fireplaces in those times.

Mrs. B. Kate, if you will take off the blower once more, I will see what I can do to the fire. [Kate *jerks it off impatiently.*] Oh, Kate, how long do you expect a fire to burn when the wood is put in like that—sticks all laid flat and straight on top of each other. Have you never heard me say that they should be laid crosswise, and lifted up at one end so that they can kindle? Hand me the tongs, Kate.

[Kate *gives her the tongs.*

Kate. Very well, mother, since you know so much more about fires, I will allow you to finish it alone, as I have had quite enough of being scolded for trying to make myself a little useful. Perhaps you may not be more successful with it, after all. At any rate, this is the last time that I shall ever attempt to make a fire in this house; so no one need ask me to make one again—no, indeed; I will sit in my own room, with a sealskin coat on first, and freeze.

[Kate *puts her handkerchief to her eyes and rushes from the room.*

Mrs. B. (*begins lifting out the sticks with the tongs*). I am sorry that Kate is so nervous to-day. Th's is the result of too much excitement and hotel life all summer. I declare there is hardly a spark of fire left here; I must put in some more paper and kindling-wood to start it up again.

[*She gets down on her knees, and is busy putting in more paper and kindling-wood, after carefully lifting out the blackened sticks on to the hearth with the tongs, when the door opens and* Gertrude *appears.*

Gertrude. Why, mamma, what are you doing in this smoky room with all those charred sticks? [Gertrude *has on a water-proof, and carries an umbrella in her hand.*] It will do you good to have a breath of fresh air in here [*she hastily throws open two windows*], if you must have a fire, though I can't see why you feel the need of one to-day.

Mrs. B. Close those windows at once, Gertrude; you are freezing the house, which is damp and cold enough already. Please don't imagine that every one else is in a state of ferment just because you have been taking violent exercise. I wish that Kate had a little more of your vitality, and I feel sure you could spare a good deal if necessary.

[Gertrude *closes the windows.*

Gertrude. Oh, very well, I will shut them, though it is ever so much warmer outside than it is in the house. Now, I will watch you make a fire. [*Throwing herself into an arm-chair.*] It is such fun to see some one else work, and I have always been glad that making fires was not one of my accomplishments, it usually makes people so cross. I always own up that I know nothing about it, and what is more, do not ever intend to learn. "Where ignorance is bliss," you know. I will leave you and Kate to enjoy the wisdom and share the folly together. [*Rises.*] And now I think that I shall go and take off my things, and when I come down I expect you will have a blazing fire. [*She turns toward the door, and then comes back.*] On second thoughts, I must be magnanimous for once, however, for I can not let you handle those black sticks when I am going right up to wash my hands. [*Before* Mrs. B. *can reply, she seizes one of the sticks, but instead of putting it in the grate, she drops it in the middle of a white rug near by, and begins to dance about the room.*] Oh, dear, why didn't you say those things were hot, mother, when you saw me taking hold of them.

[Mrs. B. *grasps the tongs and rescues the stick from the white rug, where it has already singed a black place.*

Mrs. B. Oh, why did I have such impulsive children! Who asked you to take hot sticks in your hands, when I was going to use the tongs? I am sorry for your fingers, but you have almost ruined my rug.

Gertrude. My fingers would have been dreadfully burned if I had not dropped the stick, and I am sure, of the two, it is better to have the old rug suffer. I think I said that making fires was not much in my line, and I presume you do not care to have me help you any more, now that I have finished putting on the sticks for you.

[Gertrude *disappears.*

[Mrs. B. *has replaced the blower, and after touching a match to the paper, sits down with a sigh, and takes up her work; the fire roars cheerfully for a few moments, and then begins to crackle doubtfully.* Mrs. B. *takes off the blower, and after poking the sticks about, replaces it again, just as steps are heard on the piazza. The door opens, disclosing* Mr. B. *home from town.*

Mrs. B. (*welcoming him brightly*). I am so glad that you came out early, Fred [*trying to ignore the fire and keep his attention from it*]. Is there any news from town? Oh, Fred, just come over to the window and see how beautifully the maple leaves are turning! I believe I will throw open the window and let in some fresh air.

Mr. B. Yes, it would be a good idea; it seems very smoky here. Have you been trying to start a fire? [*He walks back from the window and takes off the blower.*] I thought so.

Mrs. B. (*hurriedly*). Oh, yes—we—I—that is, Kate thought that the house was rather damp, and so she started a wood fire, and I think it must have smoked a little. [*Regaining composure.*] That wood which James sawed is thoroughly damp, and so the fire went out. I have been trying to start it up again, and I had put on the blower just before you came in but you see it is out.

Mr. B. (*disdainfully*). Yes, I see it is out. I never saw a woman yet who knew any thing about building a fire, or even understood the first principles of the thing. And such a perfectly simple thing too, when one goes about it in the right way! One newspaper, one stick of kindling-wood, and then plenty of big logs; that is a woman's idea of a fire. She lights the morning's paper, and then expects the one stick of kindling-wood to ignite the logs into a magnificent blaze. [*He rings the bell.* Mary *appears.*] Mary, bring up some kindling-wood and some old newspapers; I don't care to burn up this week's papers.

[*Exit* Mary.

Mrs. B. I think that Kate and I have burned up all this week's papers that were here, even this morning's *Journal*. I didn't suppose that you cared to save papers after they had been read.

Mr. B. I wanted to look at some of them again; but that is always the way; if there are any papers which I am anxious to keep, the family all take a particular satisfaction in destroying them, though in their united efforts they fail to succeed in kindling one small wood fire. [*Mary brings paper and wood.*] Now I will build you a fire, Mrs. B.

[*He puts in papers and kindling, after taking out the round sticks, which he replaces, while* Mrs. B. *remarks:*

Mrs. B. I would not put on those round sticks again, Fred, if I were you, for they will not burn, I'm sure.

Mr. B. Nonsense! After your success with a fire, I think you had better not offer me too much advice. All that is needed to make those sticks burn is plenty of kindling-wood. [Mr. B. *puts on the blower, and lights the paper from underneath.*] Now we shall see who it is in the house that knows how to make a fire.

Mrs. B. I do not think, Fred, that your fires have always been so extremely successful. I think you have forgotten your last experience with the furnace fire, when you shut up all the draughts and filled the cellar with smoke, so that I was almost suffocated when I went down to see whether you had set the house on fire or not.

Mr. B. Who is talking about furnace fires, I should like to know? That is the way with all women; they always go off at a tangent on the slightest provocation. Oh, I do admire a logical mind above all things. Because the furnace fire smoked, once upon a time, therefore the library fire can not be lighted.

Mrs. B. How can you be so cross, Fred? You hurt my feelings very much. It is bad enough to have disrespectful daughters, without being scolded by one's husband just because he can not make an old fire burn.

Mr. B. I tell you it is burning.

Mrs. B. Perhaps it is; but you act as if it was my fault that your man has filled the cellar with damp sticks which will not kindle.

Mr. B. But I say they are kindling.

Mrs. B. (*beginning to sob.*) Then let them kindle, and much good may they do you! I never wish to see an open fireplace again. Talk about women being stupid, senseles, illogical! [Mr. B. *begins to remonstrate.*] Yes, you did. I want to know what men are. Off all day at an office enjoying themselves, while we stay at home and slave and wear ourselves out—

[Mr. B. *breaks in.*

Mr. B. Making fires and doing things no one ever asked you to do, in order to be cross and tired when I get home from town. I shall certainly make no more efforts to come out early. I assure you I feel hardly repaid for shortening my daily "enjoyment" at the office.

[Mrs. B. *goes sobbing from the room.*

Mr. B. *begins to walk up and down the room with his hands in his pockets. Finally he thinks of the fire, and jerks off the blower.*

Mr. B. That confounded fire is out, after all.

[*He flings it on the floor, and strides out of the room.*

[Mary *appears with a hod of coal, more kindling-wood, etc., and proceeds to pick up the blower.*

Mary. What a muss Mr. Burlington has made to be sure! A wood fire, indeed! I'm sure they all will be glad to leave it to me next time, and much work and fuss they will save.

[*She makes the fire and puts on the blower; she then proceeds to tidy the room and brush the black from the white rug. When she has finished she removes the blower with a triumphant wave, and shows a bright coal fire as* Gertrude *enters. Exit* Mary.

Gertrude. So Mary makes the fire, after all. [*Enter* Kate.] Come, Kate, and get warm; you look like an icicle. Bring up a chair; your fire is a great success, after all.

[Kate *shakes her head, but does not refuse to toast her slippers on the fender while she gazes mournfully into the fire. At last she says, humbly.*

Kate. That is mother's fire and not mine.

[Mrs. B. *enters, followed by* Mr. B. Gertrude's *eyes twinkle as she says, demurely.*

Gertrude. Oh, indeed! I thought only mother could make a fire like that; it looks so professional—

Mrs. B. (*breaks in*). No, I had nothing to do with that fire; mine was a dead failure; your father is the only one in the house who can make a fire a success. [*She approaches him and extends her hand, smilingly.*]

[Gertrude *advances toward her father, and making a grand courtesy, exclaims;*

Gertrude. I always knew that papa was the only one who really understood just how a fire should be made, but I never saw so fine a practical illustration.

[Mr. B. *frowns, and begins to walk up and down the room, while* Gertrude *watches him with amusement and the others with surprise; just as Mary apperrs to announce dinner, he stops, and offering his arm to* Mrs. B., *says, with a smile.*

Mr. B. I may as well confess at once that my fire went out as ignominiously as the others; but I'm sure that it did not go alone, for it was accompanied by a great deal of ill temper on my part, which has left a vacuum so great that even dinner will fail to fill the aching void.

[Mrs. B. *takes his arm and says, smilingly,*

Mrs. B. Suppose you go and try, dear.

[*Curtain falls.*]

—*Caroline Tricknor, in Harper's Bazar.*

The Mary Who Had a Little Lamb.

The real and veritable Mary who had a little lamb is still living, a vigorous old lady of eighty-two. Mrs. Mary E. Tyler, of Somerville, Mass., when a girl, raised a lamb from birth and it followed her like a dog, and finally died in her arms, having been gored by a cow. The three most familiar verses were written by John Boulstone, a young man living in the neighborhood, but when a fund was being raised for the Old South Church, Boston, two other verses were added and sold with bits of the lamb's fleece. In this way the ditty rapidly gained notoriety and spread over the country. —*Philadelphia Times.*

—Don't say that a man is bow-legged even if he has that eccentricity of gait. Just say that he doesn't obstruct the view of the scenery when he is walking.—*Western Plowman.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—One can now go from London almost to the boundary of the Chinese Empire by rail, by the great Russian Railway.

—Leopld, King of the Belgians, has never signed a death warrant, and, although the statute has never been repealed, capital punishment is practically abolished in Belgium.

—Guide boards have been growing numerous in the country towns of New England for a few years past. In some sections of Massachusetts at every corner are set solid granite posts ten feet high, to which are bolted iron signboards with raised letters.

—A German pastor, desirous of traveling from Constantinople to Berlin through Russia, was not permitted to do so. A recent decree of Emperor Alexander III. forbids the journeying through Russia of any ecclesiastic other than of the Russo-Greek Church.

—Prince Bismarck recently gave a fete to his servants and tenants at Friederichsruhe to celebrate the dispatch to Berly of 5,000 telegraph poles cut in his forests. Bismarck has supplied Germany with 100,000 telegraph poles during the last ten years.

—It is alleged that recently in Nagpore, India, a boy of sixteen was offered a sacrifice to the gods, in accordance with a superstition that human sacrifices caused a bountiful harvest. The head was severed from the body and offered to a goddess, while the body was tendered to a god.

—Cremation is illegal in France, and bodies have to be taken to Italy to be burned. M. Morin, dying recently in Paris, left instructions that his body should be sent to Milan to be burned. This was done, and the cost of the incineration was but fifteen shillings. The Italian Custom House, however, levied seventy dollars import duty on the body when it came into the country, and the same amount export duty when the ashes were taken back to France.

—People living on the shores of the Mediterranean are complaining of the number of sharks that are now infesting those waters. A few years since the shark was comparatively unknown, but they have discovered that the Suez Canal is an easy route from their Indian Ocean home to the pleasant waters of the Mediterranean. They pass through the canal in great numbers, and it is impossible to head them off.

—Two young men in France who were engaged to two sisters quarreled over some trifling matter and agreed to settle their dispute by a duel, in which both should be wounded and one at least should be killed. The conditions agreed upon were that the right foot of the one should be tied to the left foot of the other, and then, each being armed with a dagger, they were to stab one another by turns until one should die. Each of the combatants received seven wounds before one of them expired, while still tied to his antagonist. The other was also removed in a dying state.

—It seems that the health of the British public is in danger from the germs of disease absorbed by clothing made in the deadly dens of pollution in which British tailors do their work. A parliamentary commission and a private medical commission have been investigating the condition of the tailors' workshops in London and other large cities, and it has been found to be deplorable beyond imagination. Even clothing obtained of fashionable tailors is not free from danger. The *Lancet* says: "It does not follow that because a customer pays a large price for his clothes, and orders them from a tailor of the best repute, that they will be free from the danger of contamination. Not only may these clothes be contaminated, but they may be made by sweaters."

—"The street rowdies of Chelsea have invented a new torment for the cyclists who avail themselves of Battersea Park," says the London *Pall Mall Gazette*. "They are not content with flicking them with switches and inserting bits of stick in the delicate wires of their wheels, but they set on little boys to run across a cyclist with a view of getting knocked over. Boy falls prostrate, howling, park-keeper hurries up, takes cyclist's address, a crowd soon gathers, compensation is, of course, forthcoming, especially if the cyclist is a lady. The wounded child skips merrily off with a half crown, divides the booty, and tries for another spill in another part of the park.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

Peoples Who Have But Little Veneration for Mothers-in-Law.

In the anthropological section of the British Association E. B. Tyler recently described a method of investigating the development of institutions as applied to laws of marriage and descent. He said: "With the view of applying direct numerical method to anthropology, the writer has compiled schedules of the systems of marriage and descent among some three hundred and fifty peoples of the world, so as to ascertain by means of a 'method of adhesion' how far each rule co-exists or not with other rules, and what have been the directions of development from one rule to another! As a first test of the results to be obtained by this means the barbaric custom is examined which forbids the husband and his wife's parents (though on a friendly footing) to speak or look at one another or mention one another's names. Some seventy peoples practice this or the converse custom of the wife and her husband's relatives being obliged ceremonially to cut one another. On classifying the marriage rules of mankind a marked distinction is found to lie between those people whose custom is for the husband to reside with his wife's family and those where he removes her to his own home. It appears that the avoidance custom between the husband and his wife's family belongs preponderantly (in fourteen cases, as compared with eight computed as likely to happen by chance) to the group of cases where the husband goes to live with the wife's family. This implies a casual connection between the customs of avoidance and residence, suggesting as a reason that the husband, being an interloper in the wife's family, must be treated as a stranger; to use an English idiom expressing the situation, he is not 'recognized.' Other varieties of the customs show similar preponderant adhesions. Another custom, here called teknonmy, or naming the parent from the child, prevails among more than thirty people; as an example was mentioned the name of Ra-mary, or father of Mary, by which Livingstone was generally known in Africa. This custom proves on examination to adhere closely to those of residence and avoidance, the three occurring together among eleven people—that is, more than six times as often as might be expected to happen by chance concurrence. Their connection finds satisfactory explanation in the accounts given of the Cree Indians of Canada, where the husband lives in his wife's house, but never speaks to his parents-in-law till his first child is born; this alters the whole situation, for though the father is not a member of the family his child is, and so confers on him the status of 'father of so-and-so,' which becomes his name, the whole being then brought to a logical conclusion by the family ceasing to cut him. These etiquettes of avoidance furnish an indication of the direction of change in social habits among mankind; there are eight people (for instance, the Zulus) where residence is in the husband's family, with the accompanying advoidances, but at the same time the advoidance is kept up between the husband and wife's family, indicating that at a recent period he may have habitually lived with them —*London Globe.*

MOVING FROM MEXICO.

People of Sonora Emigrating to the Southern Part of Arizona.

There has been for some time past a remarkable movement of Mexicans out of Sonora into Southern Arizona and New Mexico as far East as El Paso. They come with their families and household goods, apparently determined never to go back again. There must be some peculiar reason for this sudden emigration, although when questioned, these refugees speak only in a general way about increasing hardship and poverty in their old homes, of oppressive government and of accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few. They all say that it is getting impossible for poor people to make an honest living in Sonora.

An impartial inquiry into the facts of the case shows that Sonora is one of the States where the authorities have made it their especial business to invite foreign capital and immigration, and that the lands of the State have been given or sold in large bodies to English and American companies, mining syndicates and colonizing corporations. At the present moment some extra large concessions are on the point of being given to foreign applicants. There may be some truth in the complaint that by inviting the enterprising, pushing and well-to-do foreigners the poor, ignorant and shiftless native goes to the wall.

These refugees charge that the bloody and expensive Yaqui war originated simply in a vast scheme of land grabbing, in which some Mexican officials, high in authority, co-operated with foreign capitalists in getting hold of the entire Yaqui valley as well as all the land along the Mavo river. Even the wealthy Sonorians of the better class are dissatisfied by the course high officials are pursuing, and there is a strong undercurrent of discontent throughout the State, and in some sections only the presence of Federal Mexican troops prevents open outbreaks. Troops are stationed at various points ostensibly for the purpose of keeping the Indians in check, but in reality to awe the common people There is at present every appearance of this immigration continuing in the direction of Southern Arizona.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Ancient Marine Heroes.

The adventurous spirit and courage of the men who, centuries ago, sailed on unknown seas in search of new worlds amaze me. If there were any new worlds left for us to discover, we would go in iron steamers and enjoy comfort, luxury and safety. But those men sailed in ships, some of which were not over twenty tons burden, sailed without charts, or canned milk, or electric hair brushes, or a smoking room, or any one who would play poker or bet on the daily run of the ship—in fact, without any of the modern comforts of ocean travel; but they kept on discovering us, all over this continent, even when sometimes they had to work Sundays, and go for days without food, and stand watches to keep the sailors from lunching off each other. I really think they deserved credit for this, especially when we consider that when they got through a job of discovering, and went home and reported to the kings who owned them, they were sometimes put in prison, or had their heads amputated.—*Colonel Armory Knox.*

Sentimental Nonsense.

There is one sentimental story which crops up perennially in the daily press and in the weekly fiction. It represents the affecting home-coming of the middle-aged son in possession of a fortune, to his aged mother, and suddenly changing the poor old woman's lot from one of semi-starvation, and fireless hearth, and scanty clothing, to one of possession of every luxury—an elegant mansion, horses, fine raiment, etc. It is false teaching for the boys who delight in reading such stories and imagining themselves heroes of such tales. In many cases of runaway sons the mothers died of sorrow and neglect, if not of want. In other cases the sons never made any fortune, and even when in real life a boy deserted his mother for years and returned to find her old, lonely, poor and infirm, his belated wealth and care could never be to her what his comfortable support and affection would have been in her middle age. Life is too uncertain for boys and young men to shirk present duties to parents in the expectation of doing great things for them in the future.—*Chicago Journal.*

FASHIONS FOR MEN.

The Latest Styles Are Very Much Like Those of Last Winter.

There is very little change in the style of men's clothes for this winter. The rivalry still continues between the double-breasted frock coat and the cutaway. The double-breasted frock, or Prince Albert, seems to be holding its own comfortably. Stout, fleshy men, who know when they have a good thing, stick to it in spite of all the ridicule cast on its ungainliness and crinoline-like qualities. Cheviots and diagonals in dark colors are used for frock coats this fall.

The coat buttons close to the body and the inner faces are lined with silk as far as the button-holes. The edges are finished with a narrow, flat binding. The waistcoat scarcely shows, the coat buttoning high. Light-colored, striped or plaid trousers are worn with a Prince Albert. This coat is good for any morning or afternoon use, but is no more appropriate or dressy at any time than a cutaway. No young man, certainly, should wear a Prince Albert.

The three-button cutaway is perhaps the most popular of all the coats now made. It can be used for half-dress wear or for business. This difference should be insisted upon, however. The cutaway for business wear is generally made of rough cloth, and should always have flaps at the waist seams; the half-dress coat never has the flaps. There is almost no change in the shape of the three-button cutaway. Some four-button coats are made now, and a one-button one is now on the plates in the shops. The materials used for cutaways this winter are worsteds, cheviots and diagonals.

The coats for business wear may be made in checks and stripes as dazzling as a tenis player's blazer, and some of the combinations of coats, waistcoats and trousers already turned out are likely to melt the snow along the avenue next February. Striped, plaid or check trousers, the lighter the color the better, are to be worn with these cutaways.

Sack coats for winter are cut much the same as the summer ones were, and except that the cloth is heavier, one can scarcely notice any difference. The wildest kind of patterns in plaids, stripes and checks are still in favor, and if the fashion-makers can help it, there will be few men dressed in black seen in the streets this winter. It is not at all necssary to have one's trousers match even a sack coat. Any one piece of clothes may be worn with any other, and a wardrobe can thus be easily expanded in a sort of geometrical progression. Waistcoats are made up in all sorts of rough, light-colored goods, and some of the patterns are almost as daring and at the same time as dazzling as the skirts of the ballet dancers in "Nero."

For a light overcoat the Chesterfield, or fly-front sack, is the only style really in the field. This coat is rather a close-fitting one, reaches nearly to the knees and rolls open in front, showing silk facings to the button-holes. The heavy sack overcoats, both single and double-breasted, will be shaped much like the Chesterfield. A few long frock overcoats are still turned out for extreme weather. They have been largely supplanted, however, by the cape overcoats of fancy suitings. The cape has come to stay for awhile, apparently, though this climate in winter is too uncertain for so heavy and cumbersome an overgarment. A single-breasted sack overcoat is a good investment for ordinary winter use.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THREE POPULAR GAMES.

The Late Prof. Proctor's Opinion of Billiards, Whist and Chess.

The writer was particularly anxious to get Prof. Proctor's views touching the relative value of these three games, and he cheerfully gave them in the following words:

"The game of billiards stands first in some respects, in that it affords physical and mental exercises at once. There is not much strain on the mind, however, and I never knew a billiard expert to be the possessor of a great intellect. He must possess a peculiarly-organized mind, but he may know nothing of mathematics, and yet may solve, with lightning rapidity, intricate problems in geometry—practical problems. A quick and true eye, good nerves and a steady hand, all practiced and disciplined, enable him to make the shots with mathematical precision. As I said, a great billiard-player may be a man of little mentality. As a rule, the billiard champions are men of a low order of intellect. I have tried billiards, and I know I never could reach the highest rank, because I am wanting in one of the requisites.

"Whist may be classed among the scientific games, yet it is not devoid of chance. It affords more pleasure to its votaries than any other game I know. The element of chance gives the excitement. To play a correct game of whist requires brains, or I should, perhaps, say memory. The greatest man living, if he possesses a defective memory, can never become a good whist-player. I believe I have mastered whist, and, not to seem egotistical, I hold myself to be a player of the highest rank. I play whist oftener than any other game, for the reason that it is not hard work, and is just exciting enough to afford me the sort of diversion I need.

"Chess is the greatest of all games. I confess I have never succeeded in mastering it; have never fathomed its depths. It is a delightful pastime, and can not be commended too hightly as a mental disciplinarian; but if one wishes to enjoy it he must not attempt to become a great player. Nine times out of ten he would meet disappointment, for only a few men achieve greatness in chess. It is not likely that Paul Morphy will be duplicated in the present century. Chess is a purely-scientific game, wholly devoid of the element of chance. The brain must exercise itself in playing this game. Jeanisch, the distinguished Russian mathematician, gave it as his opinion that chess is more intricate than the integral calculus. Buckle, the historian, held this same opinion. It is doubtful whether the game will ever be improved."—*Atlanta Constitution.*